New Palace Yard,
Nov. 26, 1833

Dear madam

Allow me to offer you my most sincere condolences on the unexpected event of the death of your late excellent husband. Though I knew comparatively little of him, I saw much to admire. He appeared to me to be of a most kind temper, & I have no doubt discharged his duties of a husband & a father in an exemplary manner. He seemed to have bid fair for a long life; but no man can tell the day nor the hour when the universal conqueror shall come. You are still however blessed with excellent children, & I trust you will find from them support & consolation.

It is unfortunate only in my power to offer you my sympathy. I am too poor else to venture my real service. I am, Dear Madam,

with great respect,

very sincerely yours

William Godwin

At a House in Hampstead.

Sometime the Dwelling of John Keats.

O Poet, come you haunting here
Where streets have stolen up all around,
And never a nightingale pours one
Full-throated sound?

Drawn from your drowse by the Seven famed Hills,
Thought you to find all just the same
Here shining, as in hours of old,
If you but came?

What will you do in your surprise
At seeing that changes wrought in Rome
Are wrought yet more on the misty slope
One time your home?

Will you wake wind-waifs on these stairs?
Swing the doors open noisily?
Show as an outraged ghost beside
Your ancient tree?

Or